
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1820.

MRS. DAVISON.

THIS lady has long and justly been a distinguished favourite of the public: as Miss Duncan she is probably better known to our readers, many of whom will recollect with pleasure, the many excellent representations she has given them of some of the first characters of the Dramatic Muse.

She was almost from an infant initiated into the profession she has chosen, as her parents were both on the stage, and were respectable performers in the Dublin, Liverpool, and Newcastle theatres. Her first essay was at the latter place, in the character of the Duke of York, which she had the honour of playing to Cooke's Richard, and from this time, she occasionally took such parts as were suitable to her powers, until having reached the age of thirteen, she performed Rosetta, at Dublin, with so much ease and spirit, as at once to delight the audience, and to give the fairest promise of ensuing excellence. It is said, that the celebrated Miss Farren (now Countess of Derby) who was at Dublin at the time, prognosticated the future fame of the young *débutante*, and expressively styled her "the little wonder." Encomiums from such a quarter, aided with the kindest encouragement to persist in her exertions, naturally excited her emulation, and from that moment Miss Duncan sought, by

unwearied perseverance and industry, to verify the predictions in her favour; how well she has succeeded, the high estimation in which she has long been held sufficiently proves.

Her first regular engagement was from the manager of the York theatre, who was so well satisfied with her abilities, that he soon gave her the principal line of business; and from her amiable conduct and encreasing excellence, she became a general favourite in the whole circuit. She next tried her success in Scotland, and to the kind and liberal encouragement which she there received, she may probably date her rapid advancement to consideration and fame. It was in the summer of 1804, that having played a short time at Margate, one of the proprietors of Drury-lane theatre witnessed her performance of the Widow Cheerly; struck with her superior abilities, he immediately on his return to town, made her such proposals as her merits deserved. These being accepted, Miss Duncan made her first appearance before a London audience as the representative of Lady Teazle, and was received with the most flattering demonstrations of approval. She performed this part no less than fifteen nights, and with encreasing effect and applause. One of her best characters is Juliana, in the favourite comedy of "The Honey Moon;" her excellent delineation of this part contributed in no small degree to the success of the piece, while at the same time it completely established her own reputation. At the latter end of the year 1815, she married Mr. Davison; when ill-health for a considerable period prevented her from pursuing her arduous profession. She has since occasionally resumed her labours, and has at all times supported her well-earned fame; her last performance was for the benefit of the late Mr. Rae's family, on which occasion she humanely offered her assistance, and was received by the public with that pleasure and respect which her abilities so justly command. In person, Mrs. Davison is above the common size, and is remarkably well formed; her features are handsome, her countenance is very expressive, and her whole appearance at once graceful and dignified.

MARRIAGE;

A TALE.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

THE party having seated themselves, and apparently resumed the conversation which had seemed to interest them so much, he now approached, and joined in the lively dispute which the Duchess, supported by her ladyship, was holding against Agnes, who, however, was evidently less animated than formerly; the difference of her manner at once struck him, and as he watched the passing changes of her countenance, and listened to her soft replies, which he fancied were uttered in a tone indicative of suppressed feeling, the idea again recurred to him, that if she were not absolutely acquainted with the extent of his attachment, she at least suspected its existence, and he fixed upon her a scrutinizing look to ascertain, if possible, the truth; but the calmness of her ingenuous face destroyed the impression, and believing it utterly impossible that one so gentle could have such complete control over her emotions, and receive her rival, knowing her to be such, in the way she had done, he banished every fear from his mind. Lady Desmond, however, found her situation insupportable. "Lead me to my carriage," she whispered; in an alarm, he instantly obeyed, and, regardless of her motion to forbid him, sprang in after her. She now gave way to a most passionate flood of tears, nor could all his caresses or entreaties, in the slightest degree, sooth her.

Upon her reaching home, he supported her to her own dressing-room, and extending her almost insensible form on a sofa, he placed himself beside her; by every tender epithet he conjured her to compose herself, but for a long time convulsive sobs only issued from her bosom, and she appeared totally unmindful of all he urged. The sight of her distress wrung his heart with the bitterest feelings of remorse, and in an agony little inferior to her own, he knelt by her side,

and entreated her at least to speak to him, and not drive him utterly to distraction. "Oh! Georgiana," he exclaimed, "what am I to conclude from these emotions? have I become hateful to you? can it be? Do you, will you, curse me as your destroyer?" "I have destroyed myself," she hastily replied; "my own weakness has been my destruction. We have been equally guilty, then wherefore should I hate you! my fate and my affections are irrevocably sealed; but, oh! De Courcy, not all thy fatal love, no, nor years of penitence and sorrow, can obliterate the remembrance of this night's suffering from my mind. Degraded in my own eyes, the admiration of others has sounded like mockery in my ears; shrinking from the presence of her whose friendship I might so short a time since have proudly claimed, I have read only condemnation in her looks, I have seen only contempt in her smiles. Oh! lovely, injured being," she passionately added, "thou art, indeed, revenged! never can your agonies at the knowledge of this dreadful secret, should it ever reach your ears, equal mine, or resemble in the slightest degree what now I endure!" "In mercy forbear," cried De Courcy, "your words are daggers to my heart, and fill me with apprehensions which distract me; relieve my fears then, I beseech you, and say that you still love me, that you will still be mine." "And can *you*," she exclaimed with an hysteric laugh, "can *you* desire so worthless a gift?" then bursting again into tears, she threw herself convulsively on his bosom, and almost inarticulately continued, "yes, lost, wretched, degraded as I am, thine for ever!" "Not if Hell itself can separate thee!" exclaimed a voice of thunder. With a loud shriek the unhappy Georgiana started up, but instantly sunk back into the arms of De Courcy, who, himself horror-struck at the sight, beheld before him, almost mad with passion, the injured Desmond!

"Fiend!" cried he, tearing the inanimate form from him, and almost throwing her on the couch, "touch her not, or, by every power of vengeance! I will immolate thee!—Away!" still more furiously he continued, "blast not my sight any longer by that hateful presence, thou monster of perfidy and ingratitude!" Humbled, conscience-struck, De Courcy trembled before the man whom he had so basely abused; but to leave the wretched partner of his guilt in this situation, and

with Sir William in his present enraged state, was beyond his power." "For mercy's sake," he cried—"You talk of mercy!" ejaculated Sir William, "you, cruelest of murderers! dare you talk of mercy? but fear not for her, sir, if that be your meaning; though you have been villain enough to destroy the purity of her mind, I am not villain enough to injure her degraded frame; but away!" he again peremptorily exclaimed, "as you would spare me the commission of a crime at which my heart yet recoils."

De Courcy obeyed, and casting one look of agony on the senseless form before him, he rushed into the street in a state of mind which precluded all power of judging what course he ought to pursue; and it was not till he had reached the house of Lady Crawford that he was conscious whither his steps had led him. It was now near midnight, and the party had all retired to their apartments; rushing hastily up stairs, therefore, he suddenly appeared before the startled Agnes, who was pensively waiting his return in her own room. The wildness and distraction of his manner at once appalled her senses, and held her transfixed to the spot, but seeing him sink exhausted into a seat, she sprang to his assistance, and received his head on her bosom. The drops of anguished alarm fell on his forehead, while she pressed his lips again and again to her's, and besought him, by every tender epithet, to answer her anxious enquiries. At first he was insensible of his position, but at length recovering his recollection, he started up, and disengaging himself frantically from her arms, he exclaimed, in a tone which almost froze her blood, "Agnes, forbear! I am unworthy of both you and your love, and neither deserve nor desire your pity. I came but to take one more view of you ere I leave you for ever." "And is the blow at length fallen!" cried Agnes, in a burst of anguish: "the last misery then is not spared, a wife's bosom can no longer be the receptacle of a husband's guilt. Oh! must he be held up as a mark of public scorn, must——" "Agnes!" cried De Courcy, interrupting her, "what do you mean? Were you acquainted with my baseness? Answer me, I conjure you." "Since then you thus ask me," she replied, "I will not deny the fact,—I was; but think not that I acquired my knowledge in any manner derogatory to the character of a wife. Oh! De Courcy, I

never doubted you, and even if I had, I should never have sought a confirmation of my fears; but your manner when you last returned from this hated place told me all was not right, for the eye of affection is not easily deceived, nor, if it were, is the heart; the sigh breathed on the breast of estranged love is at once susceptible that it has lost its home, and returns to the fond but disappointed bosom converted into the pang of anguish. I observed you with solicitude, but at first without the slightest suspicion of the real cause, till your feverish rest alarmed me, and, in an agony of fear, I watched by your side, when at length you breathed so often, and in such a tone, the name of—Georgiana, that the bliss of ignorance could be mine no longer, and your misery and my own were only too clearly revealed to me.” “And you have concealed this wretchedness for months,” cried De Courcy, “and you have redoubled your love and attention with a view, no doubt, to win me back to virtue. It was for this then that you left home, for this that you have been charming all eyes but your abandoned husband’s. Wretch, wretch that I am, to abuse such goodness! Oh! why did you not rather load me with reproaches as I deserved?” “I must have forgotten my own duty, De Courcy,” replied Agnes, “had I used reproaches to you for the violation of your’s; but neither conscience nor policy would have authorised one resentful speech, and mine was a sorrow that was not to be relieved in such a manner. I had but one source of comfort, and there I could freely unburthen my heart; and I found to pray for my husband’s reformation was far sweeter than to upbraid him.” “But why, Agnes, did you not reason with me? Your arguments would at least have availed, and probably have saved me from destruction.” “Believe it not,” she returned, “arguments would but have roused your resentment, wounded your pride, and made your wife appear as an inquisitor and a judge. Oh! De Courcy, I felt that if you resisted my silent endeavours to reclaim you, if my actions were not a sufficient reproach, if the exertion of the talents you once so highly prized could not succeed, I had no other resource left than to mourn over you in secret, and to pray for your return to virtue.” “O! matchless, injured being!” exclaimed De Courcy, throwing himself on his knees before her, “wilt thou, can’st thou forgive me? speak, my Agnes, if

I may still call thee so, wilt thou pardon thy guilty husband?" "Oh! not to me, De Courcy, not to thy wife, I beseech thee, kneel. No, rather," she cried, sinking by his side, "let us together implore that Almighty Being whom you have so grievously offended, to pardon you; my forgiveness you have most freely; the heart that loves like mine has no room for resentment." "Hear then at least," said he, "the confession of my weakness, for I will now conceal nothing from you." "No, De Courcy," she firmly returned, "I have neither a right to demand nor a wish to hear it, for what gratification can a wife receive in the recital of her husband's errors? In the one sad truth that you have transgressed, I know enough; if you related extenuating circumstances to me, I could not answer for this feeble heart, which, deceived by love for its possessor, might induce me to lose the just abhorrence of sin which my Maker demands; while in listening to accounts of aggravated guilt, my indignation might be raised, and I might forget the duty which my husband claims." "But, alas!" said he, mournfully, "there is yet a dreadful offence which you must become acquainted with, since you also and my boys are implicated in its consequences. Agnes, I have doubly deceived you; ruin—irretrievable ruin must now overwhelm us. Sir William—damages—and I have nothing on the earth left—all is sacrificed at the gaming-table." A film overspread the eyes of the wretched Agnes, and she sunk fainting into his arms; but recovering herself with strong effort, "I did not look for this; our babes—oh! De Courcy," she exclaimed, bursting into tears, "could not they restrain you!—but I mean not to reproach you," and suppressing her emotion, she seated herself by his side, "then now tell me all." "Agnes!" said he, "I early in life contracted a love of play, and I have pursued it in riper years against all my resolutions, till having involved myself beyond all power of extricating myself with honour, I have thrown myself into the power of a set of men who live by such infatuated wretches as myself. The instant, therefore, that this affair becomes known, they will undoubtedly endeavour to secure my person, unless I can make good my escape before it is suspected; while the consequences of my conduct must in every other respect entail ruin upon us all, for assuredly Sir William will seek

the only redress allowed him. I must, therefore, fly, but whither I know not. Oh! how have I dashed the cup of happiness from my lips, and trampled upon every blessing! Even goodness like your's, cannot, I am convinced, forgive such a complication of injuries; you must execrate me." "De Courcy," faintly murmured the unfortunate Agnes, "talk not in this manner, rather let us consider what steps must be taken for your safety. If danger menace you, fly instantly, go to the coast, and I will remit you faithful accounts of what passes here; our brothers are both in town, and with them I shall, in the mean time, be secure; hasten then away, and add not a misery to my heart, which you can yet prevent." After some little hesitation, De Courcy agreed to the proposal, and ordering his servant to procure him a chaise, he prepared for his immediate departure. "I must take one look at my children," said he. They lay fast asleep in each other's arms; the bright blush of health glowed on their cheeks, and the smile of contentment rested on their lips. He gazed on them in agony till at length his full heart found relief in tears. "Oh! blessed state of innocence!" he exclaimed, "oh! happy unconsciousness! the scalding tears of your wretched father disturb you not, and peace is your's, because the bitter inheritance of sin is yet unknown. Oh! let not the libertine rejoice, nor the gamester exult in his success, once let his bosom be assailed like mine, and he will acknowledge that the lot of the veriest wretch on earth is bliss to his; nor yet let the sceptic doubt of the existence or the vengeance of a God, in these torments he may read conviction, in these agonies he may indeed see 'there is no peace for the wicked.' Farewell, my babes, farewell, my Agnes! I deserve it all, but my punishment is more than I can bear!" He tore himself from her embrace, and with the utmost precipitation fled from her presence, and threw himself into his carriage. The grey morn was just dawning, Agnes caught one more look at him, but it was only for a moment, and as the sudden start of the horses, and the sound of the rapid motion of the wheels assailed her, she staggered to the bed, and insensibility for a time relieved her from her sorrows.

(To be continued.)

THE SNUFF-BOX.

THOSE who have taken the trouble to investigate the private characters of men will find, that even the most idle among them pursues some little favoritism which keeps his mind in a state of pleasing activity, and serves to dissipate those adverse changes in life of which he is too frequently regardless. Some are constantly dallying with a favourite pointer, others are comparing and exaggerating the excellencies of a mistress in rosy sonnets, while many preserve a delightful and unceasing anticipation of the publication of some new political slander, which may have been long advertised in the morning papers: nor are our ladies without their *billet-doux*, novellettes, card-racks, and sofa-tables; nay, while your templar is dreaming of his chesnut-horse and the newest races, I am no less busy with my humble snuff-box, which I never fail to carry in my waistcoat pocket. It was given me by a French connoisseur in the Louvre at Paris, who but for this trifle would never have had the honour of my acquaintance; I have taken his hint, and find, notwithstanding the dirty work attached to it, my snuff-box as useful as the weather-glass.

To enumerate the different modes of salutation among the ancients would be tedious; the monarchs of the east were wont to lower or present their sceptres as tokens of amity and congratulation; but the border chieftains of our own country considered the harmony of Rhenish incomplete if unaccompanied by the horn of snuff, which was passed convivially among them, and in the present age, if my warmest enemy refused my social pinch, I should regard it as a mark of the grossest foppery; it is on this account, that I always accept the offers of other's, and am never remiss in politely tendering my own, for this reciprocal exchange of snuff, has often introduced me to the most facetious of companions.

When I open my box in St. James's, I am never at a loss for the politics of yesterday; and many a worthy alderman by a taste, *bon a-propos*, has twisted the buttons from

my coat upon 'Change, while his dinner was cooling in Lombard-street. My snuff has introduced me to some eminent judges of pictures, books, and auctions, or let me into the secrets or private scandal of half the town; this trifling machine has also conducted me to a numerous round of pleasant winter conversations, and the insensibility of ennui I invariably dispatch through the help of the talisman, though the parties are utter strangers to me. If at a loss at the theatre for the opinion of a critic whom I suspect to be more profound than myself, I have only to present my snuff-box, and by a notable rap on the lid, Mr. ——— informs me of more intrigues and dissipations in the female world, than their ladyship's chamberlains themselves are suffered to whisper at home. It is to this that I ascribe one half of the intimacy with my present agreeable associates: I am now instructed by a very learned mathematician, while a Mr. B—— entertains me with the high delight he evinces in some of his important discoveries in steam. I have likewise been recently answered on some enquiries relative to the green-bag plot, but as I shall not enlarge this essay with any party discussions, that subject shall be postponed; in short, this little agent has procured me a reception into a valuable, genial, and literary circle of friends, and the judicious exercise of encreasing a cheerful and politic connexion, is a truth which others beside snuff-takers must be ready to affirm.

From what has been essayed, we may consider orthodoxly the probability that the most distant but important events emanate from the slightest circumstances; yet how little do we value our own interests and pursuits in life, even as far as relates only to morality? there are many things that fully deserve our consideration, which yet, from their ambiguous appearance, we too often regard as mere passing atoms. Were we more watchful, more mindful, and more desirable of tranquillity, how much misery might be avoided by attention to numerous virtues, which we esteem trifles; for though the Creator has been munificent indeed in offering so many proofs of his divine power to the contemplation of the naturalist and the philosopher, yet these are essentials which ought to interest all mankind, as touching rectitude of conduct, and personal benefit. It should be remembered that the business of an hour may help us to misfortunes that years

cannot retrieve, or constitute a happiness for other generations to enjoy: a little spark may overwhelm us with irreparable losses—or destroy fabrics which ambition had raised to roll its name to other ages: and as the sole and lasting joy of poor Bassanio was concealed in the trembling casket of the excellent and lovely Portia, so the fate of many a precarious change in this great world is, believe me, locked up in a snuff-box.

October 17th, 1820,

J. S. D.

EMPEROR FRANCIS II.

ONE arm of the Danube separates the city of Vienna from a large suburb called Leopold-stadt. A thaw inundated this suburb, and the ice carried away the bridge of communication of the capital. The population of Leopold-stadt began to be in the greatest distress for want of provisions. A number of boats were collected and loaded with bread; but no one felt hardy enough to risk the passage, which was rendered extremely dangerous by large bodies of ice. Francis the Second, who was then emperor, stood at the water's edge; he begged, exhorted, threatened, and promised the highest recompenses, but all in vain; whilst on the other shore, his subjects famishing with hunger, stretched forth their hands and supplicated relief. The monarch's sensibility at length got the better of his prudence; he leaped singly into a boat loaded with bread, and applied himself to the oars, exclaiming, "Never shall it be said that I saw those perish without an effort to save them, who would risk their all for me." The example of the sovereign, sudden as electricity, inflamed the spectators, who threw themselves in crowds into the boats. They encountered the sea successfully, and gained the suburb just when their intrepid monarch, with a tear of pity in his eye, held out the bread which, at the risk of his life, he had conveyed across.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A BENEDICT;

A TALE FOR MARRIED MEN.

(Continued from page 201.)

CHAP IV.

ELDERTON called upon me a few days afterwards, and reminded me of my promise to accompany him to the house of his fair relative, a promise which I reluctantly agreed to perform. On our way thither, he, with an air of embarrassment, informed me that the lady he was about to visit had been for some weeks his wife; perceiving my astonishment, he added, "I meant to have kept this a secret even from you, for I did not wish you to turn the tables against me after my former protestations, but knowing how fastidious you are, and that the least show of familiarity between us would alarm your sensitive delicacy, I think it the best way to have no concealment with you, though, for a family reason, I do not wish it to be publicly known at present. I am, however, anxious to secure the acquaintance of Mrs. Singleton, and I make no doubt of your seconding my views when you know more of my Marian."

We had by this time reached the house, where the ladies were waiting tea in an elegantly furnished drawing-room; they received us with every appearance of pleasure, and I now satisfied my curiosity by taking an accurate survey of their persons. Mrs. Elderton was a fine shewy woman evidently past the meridian of life, but still what might be termed highly attractive; her person was set off to the best advantage, and her manner, though somewhat bordering upon coarseness, was sufficiently elegant to shew that she had mixed with good company. Her niece, apparently about six-and-twenty, was remarkably handsome; her features were regular and expressive, her complexion brilliant, and her form symmetry itself; and I felt secret astonishment that Elderton should have chosen the aunt in preference to the niece, except, as I suspected might be the case, the balance of for-

tune preponderated in favour of the former. The conversation during tea was animated on all sides; Caroline was full of anecdote and repartee, while her aunt smiled at her sallies, and declared she had scarcely ever seen her in such spirits before. When the repast was ended, she at the suggestion of Elderton, sat down to a piano-forte, and played some favourite airs, with more taste than execution, but accompanied by a voice exquisitely fine and melodious. After an hour or two agreeably passed, we had recourse to cards, and I lost my money with the best grace imaginable, for I certainly suffered my attention to stray, and had no cause to complain of my partner's want of skill in the game. I resisted all their pressing entreaties to stay to supper, and returned home at an early hour.

I informed Letitia how I had spent the evening, and expressed my wish that she would take an early opportunity of calling on Mrs. Elderton, to which she gave a ready assent; and an intimacy was thus formed of which neither could at that time foresee the consequences. The frequent opportunities I had now of observing Caroline, led me insensibly to draw a comparison between her and Letitia, not greatly in favour of the latter: there was a calm, retiring diffidence in the deportment of my wife, which, when contrasted with the arch vivacity and never-failing readiness of wit which distinguished Caroline, could not but appear to border upon insipidity.

"Upon my word," said Elderton to me one day, in a jocosose way, "you seem quite an altered man lately; I thought you such a humdrum sort of creature that I was almost afraid to introduce you to my two rattles; but I find that though your heart is locked up in an impregnable cabinet, you can find eyes and ears, aye and a tongue too, upon some occasions." "Certainly," said I, in the same tone, "I am not such a churl as to shut my eyes upon beauty, or deny the existence of talent in others, though I have a wife entitled to my most perfect esteem and admiration." "That is well spoken, and honestly too," rejoined Elderton; "but recollect, Caroline is young and susceptible, you must not be too lavish of your gallant effusions." "Surely," returned I with more gravity, "Miss Belmont has too much good sense to place any stress on the common-place civilities of a married

man." "Aye, but," said Elderton, "married men do a plaguy deal of mischief, because a female susceptible and inexperienced is less upon her guard with them." "You need not be apprehensive upon my account," said I; "much as I admire beauty and talent, I should be as easily disgusted by the slightest indication of licentiousness." "I have heard many men make those fine moral speeches," replied Elderton, "yet always found them as ready to fall into temptation as others." I know not why I felt confused by the remark, yet it is certain, my cheek glowed as he spoke—at that time I believed it the glow of virtuous indignation. Caroline had contrived so far to ingratiate herself with my wife, that she sometimes remained for weeks our visitor, and as the indisposition occasioned by her approaching confinement prevented her going much abroad, I was thrown more frequently into the society of Mrs. Elderton and her niece, who always contrived to enlist me in their society; upon several occasions, I found Caroline pensive and abstracted; she invariably turned the conversation upon my wife, and sought to draw from me a confidential disclosure of my sentiments. "Does Mrs. Singleton never express any uneasiness at your frequent absence?" she enquired one day, fixing her eyes upon me, with earnestness that surprised me. "No, certainly not; why should she?" "Nay, how should I know; I only think were I in her case, I should most sensibly feel the privation of your society; indeed, I often think you must make a sacrifice of your inclination to politeness when you attend us so frequently." "That is as much as to say," I retorted, "that you consider the trifling attentions which my friendship for Elderton induces me to bestow upon the members of his family as obtrusive, troublesome, or, perhaps, improper." "You wrong me," replied Caroline, with a sigh. "Were you a single man, such attentions would afford me both pride and pleasure—but now, though neither considered obtrusive nor troublesome, I cannot deny that they are productive of painful emotions;—but pardon me, I have unguardedly expressed myself in a manner which may surprise you; but you know I am too apt to give way to the impulse of momentary feelings." "And why should you not?" I returned warmly; "while those feelings are consistent with the finer sensibilities of nature, I find no cause

for your concealing sentiments which can in no way impair the delicacy of your mind or the purity of your principles." As I spoke, I fixed my eyes upon her, and to my inexpressible astonishment, read in her expressive features a tacit acknowledgement that I had greatly erred in the conclusion I had drawn. Confounded at a discovery wholly unexpected, my agitation was extreme; she read my thoughts, and burst into tears. "I find I have said too much," said she, catching my arm, as I was turning from her, "I have forfeited your esteem for ever! Wretched girl! my aunt predicted this, but foolishly presumptuous, I laughed at her caution." Her distress now amounted to agony, and I felt so much moved by her evident distress, that I had recourse to the most tender blandishments to sooth and reassure her. But I must not dwell on the hateful subject; suffice it, with the utmost abhorrence of vice, I became vicious—with the purest intentions, I suffered my senses to be led astray; my honour was compromised, my peace of mind wrecked, my moral reputation irretrievably lost. Fain would I draw a veil over this most disgraceful epoch of my life, but truth demands the avowal. With mingled shame and horror, I am in justice bound to acknowledge that, at a time when nature called upon me to blend the tenderness of a husband with the pride and exultation of a parent, the fascination of a syren drew me aside from the performance of the most sacred duties to involve me in guilt and subsequent misery. Nor was this all—led on step by step to scenes of dissipation and extravagance, I paused not till awakened to a sense of my danger by the representations of Wilmot, to whom the management of our business had been lately almost entirely committed, from him I learnt with dismay that we were on the brink of ruin, occasioned chiefly by the enormous expences of Elderton, and aided by my culpable inattention. Burning with shame and indignation, I endeavoured to remonstrate with Elderton, and point out the necessity of retrenchment; but he only laughed at my representation, and insultingly replied, that it was my own fault, that he left the management of the books entirely to me, and that I ought to have kept a sharper eye upon Wilmot, who, he had shrewd suspicions, would turn out an egregious rogue. "As for myself," he added, "it will affect me but little; I

never was calculated for the drudgery of trade; I am still young, and have the world before me, I will take my share of what remains in our hands, and set off for America, and if you are wise, you will do the same." "You talk like a madman," cried I, "would you abandon your wife?" "My wife!" he repeated, with a boisterous laugh, "why were you such a flat as to believe I was really married?" "Undoubtedly," I replied, in accents of amazement; "you surely have not imposed upon me so grossly as to introduce a woman to my Letitia under your name, who had no claim to that title?" "I admire your tender concern for Mrs. Singleton," he returned sneeringly, "but there is no occasion to carry on the farce with me. Marian has borne other men's names before mine, and if you did not see through the flimsy veil of modesty worn by those ladies, I must ascribe it to your having wilfully shut your eyes." "This may be a pleasant joke to you, Mr. Elderton," said I, "but to me it is a more serious affair; am I to believe, that you have deliberately plunged me into guilt and ruin?" "You may believe just what you please," returned he with a contemptuous sneer; "if your *morality* is so severely shocked, I am very sorry, but it is now too late to retract. I expected to find the *happy Benedict* proof against temptation,—that you were not so, was not my fault."

Shocked at his depravity, and irritated by his sneers, I quitted him abruptly, and retired to ruminate on my misfortunes in private, and to consult with Wilmot what course it would be most advisable to pursue. Convinced that I had been the dupe of Elderton and his licentious associates, all my admiration of Caroline was changed to disgust; yet to break with her incautiously would be, I considered, a dangerous expedient, as she would no doubt wreak her vengeance by disclosing to my wife, what I should be able to keep entirely from her knowledge; but in this hope I was also cruelly mistaken.

(To be continued.)

THE
ADVENTURES OF A SOVEREIGN.

(Continued from page 145.)

My master passed the evening *tête-a-tête* with his lady, and never, perhaps, had he experienced such felicity as he felt while drawing from her the only secret of her innocent heart; need I say, that this secret was her affection for himself, and her fear that it would never be returned. "Banish those fears, my Honoria," cried he, while he strained her to his heart, "from this moment, you, and you alone reign sovereign here! The proof I have this day received of your tenderness shall act as a talisman to keep those affections you prize invariably your own."

I can answer for the sincerity with which he made this promise; but I know not how far he kept it, for he parted with me on the following day to a vender of early flowers, who gave me the next moment to a young man of fashion whose life does not afford a single incident worth relating. I had been but a few hours in his possession, when he was accosted in Bond-street by an old friend with an abrupt request for the loan of five pounds. My master pulled me out of his pocket, and vowing that he had not a single farthing more about him, (which was, in fact, the truth, for he had just lost a handful of Bank-notes at billiards), he asked if I would be of any use. The other hastily seized me, observing, that I was better than nothing. "Good bye, dear George," cried he, "put me in mind of this next time I see you, or ten to one, if you don't, I shall forget it," and turning short on his heel, he set off with a very rapid pace towards Hammersmith.

The moment I came into the possession of this young man, whose name was Wilford, I discovered that his mind was distracted between contending passions; he was on the point of becoming a father, an event which, as he fondly loved his wife, would have been in itself interesting to him, but which was rendered doubly so by the circumstances I am about to relate.

He was the only son of a man of good fortune, but of very

whimsical notions, who among other singularities, prided himself upon living on a very small part of his fortune; this did not proceed from avarice, for he distributed the rest of his income in acts of private charity; but he laid it down as a rule that every man could live upon a little, and that it was his duty to do so, in order to assist his fellow-creatures with the surplus of his wealth. He would calculate to a farthing what every thing ought to cost, and, perhaps, in the whole course of his life, he never expended an unnecessary shilling upon his own comforts.

With all his frugality, however, he bestowed upon his son, who was a boy of very quick parts, an expensive and brilliant education; but he was rather proud than fond of a child, whose disposition was, in some respects, the very reverse of his own. Lively, inconsiderate, and profuse, Albert Wilford was an utter foe to calculation, and before he was fifteen, his father saw enough to convince him that whatever fortune he might bequeath to Albert, it would be speedily dissipated.

This circumstance gave rise to much serious reflection in the mind of the old gentleman; he had always lived upon less than a fifth of his income, and it appeared to him that such an allowance would be quite sufficient for his son. He quite forgot to calculate on the probability of Albert's marrying and having children, but a sensible and good-natured friend, to whom he mentioned the disposition he intended to make of his fortune, represented so strongly to him the injustice of bequeathing to charitable purposes the money which Albert's offspring ought to inherit, that he contented himself with restricting his son to the possession of one-fifth of his income till after he had children born in wedlock; he was then to enjoy the whole of the income during his life, and the property was to be divided into equal shares among them at his death.]

Albert was still a minor when his father died; he married soon after he became of age, and as his wife had a small fortune, they launched out into fashionable life, and lived in style while they had either money or credit. Mrs. Wilford was amiable and good-tempered, but not much more prone to reflection than her husband, consequently poverty stared them in the face before either had even thought of her approach; and Albert found himself assailed by the clamours

of tradespeople, and their threats to clap an execution in the house just at the time when his Sophia's situation required the greatest indulgence, and the most perfect quietude.

Though thoughtless, Wilford was by no means unprincipled; he regretted his folly for the sake of his creditors, but he thought of it with horror when he reflected upon the misery into which it might plunge his wife. How to secure her from a shock, which, in her situation, might be fatal, was his first thought; he hastened to remove her from the house which he no longer dared to call his own, to a lodging where he hoped to be able to keep the worst from her at least till her *accouchement* was over.

The demands upon him were of such a harrassing nature, that he was driven nearly to distraction. I shall not enumerate the miserable expedients by which he endeavoured to ward off actual want, suffice it to say, that the last resource—the kindness of friends, had failed, and, in a fit of desperation, he resolved to apply to his father's executor, Mr. Gripeall, an old attorney, who was noted for being one of the most sordid and wary members of his profession. It was to meet the lawyer that he directed his pace so rapidly towards home as soon as he got hold of me, for it was near the time that Gripeall had appointed to be with him.

"I am very glad you are come, sir," cried the servant who opened the door; "my mistress is in strong labour, and the doctor has been here for some time."

"Too much agitated to speak, he turned hastily into a little parlour, which the lawyer was pacing with a thoughtful step; his long, lank figure, seemed to acquire additional height from the air of affronted consequence with which he drew himself up on seeing my master.

He drew out his watch with a very pompous air, and began to complain bitterly of Wilford's want of punctuality, observing, that it was just eight minutes, fifteen seconds, past the time of appointment, and if they did not settle their business very expeditiously, he should not reach Berkeley-square in time to dine with Lord Lackacre, to whom he had been engaged for more than a fortnight.

"I am very sorry for it, my dear sir," cried Wilford, trying to disguise his feelings under an assumed air of gaiety, "and the more so, because I can't offer you a dinner, unless, indeed, you can dine upon caudle.

"Dine upon caudle!" repeated the lawyer, with an air of surprise.

"Yes, really," cried Wilford, "for upon my soul, I don't believe there is any thing else in the house. Look ye, Mr. Gripeall, my situation is at this moment as bad as it can be; I have neither money nor credit, and my wife is about to become a mother; I cannot procure for her even those comforts, which, in her situation, are absolutely necessary, without you will come to my assistance. I know that you derive considerable advantage from the property of my late father lying in your hands, and as a short time will probably make it mine, I am sure you would not wish that in the interim I should starve. Will you then, my good sir, advance what may be necessary to extricate me from——"

"Who, me, sir! me, Mr. Wilford," cried the lawyer, interrupting him with an air of angry amazement; "and so it is for this that you have given me the trouble of coming all the way here, and kept me waiting into the bargain. Pray, sir, do you remember the contents of your father's will?"

"Yes, and a confounded unreasonable old fellow he was, to make such a will," cried Wilford, impetuously but recollecting himself, he added in a softer tone, "never mind the will now, my dear Mr. Gripeall, sooner or later, you know, the property must be mine."

"I know no such thing," cried the attorney, snappishly, "and if you will only attend while I explain the intentions of the testator, I think I can clearly convince you that it is highly probable you will never touch another shilling of your father's fortune:" and quite forgetting his engagement with Lord Lackacre, he poured forth a torrent of law jargon, to which my master listened for some time with secret impatience and outward civility. At last, perceiving that there was no likelihood of an end to his harangue, and that the drift of it was evidently against the required advance, he said, "But you forget, my dear sir, that this business lies in a nutshell; the whole property must be mine when I have children."

"Yes," cried the lawyer, "there's the thing; when you have *children*, mark that! But pray, what certainty is there that you ever will have children? This one that you expect may be still-born, or even if is not, your wife may never

have another. No, no, Mr. Wilford, you will not catch Gregory Gripeall playing such a fool's trick, as to lend money to a young spendthrift upon such a desperate chance as that. Good morning to you."

"Stay, cruel man!" cried Wilford, catching him by the arm, "I will do any thing, sign any thing——"

"I tell you it's of no use," said the other, attempting to shake him off: "I can't in conscience advance one sixpence till you have children."

At this moment the door was flung open, and the maid servant rushed in, exclaiming, "Joy, joy, sir! Heaven be praised, my lady is safely delivered of as fine a boy and girl——"

"What, twins?" exclaimed Wilford, interrupting her, "twins did you say, my dear woman!"

"Aye, God bless 'em! twins sure enough, and a fine hearty pair."

"Huzza!" cried Wilford, clasping his hands in exstasy; Heaven be praised! our distresses are at an end! I say, old one, what do you think of the *desperate chance* now? You'll hardly refuse the young spendthrift, eh!"

"I profess," cried the disconcerted lawyer, "I don't know what to think; this is so strange."

"Strange!" exclaimed Wilford, "say, providential rather, it is the hand of Heaven extended to save us from poverty and misery." The conclusion of the sentence faltered upon his tongue, and he breathed a silent but a fervent thanksgiving to the divine Author of all good.

Gripeall stood the very image of mortification and disappointment; his sallow countenance assumed a livid hue, and his little ferret eyes twinkled with rage and spite. "Well," cried he at last, drawing a long breath, "if it is so——"

"Nay," said Wilford, interrupting him, "no ifs, come up stairs, and convince yourself."

Gripeall sullenly followed him to the chamber of Mrs. Wilford, where the sight of the new-born infants put the matter out of doubt, and he retired internally cursing the chance that had deprived him of the benefit, at least for some years, he derived from Wilford's property, which he had hoped to have retained in his hands.

(To be continued.)

REMORSE;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 256.)

It will afford but little extenuation of the guilt of the parties to say, that it was on neither side premeditated. Sir Arthur had the highest sense of honor, and had hitherto considered the seduction of innocence as one of the blackest crimes in the catalogue of human transgressions; yet so imperceptibly was he led on by the indulgence of a mistaken sentiment, aided by the unhappy facility of communication, which the unsuspecting confidence of Devereux afforded, that he never, even for a moment, anticipated the consequence which finally overwhelmed them both with shame and remorse.

Emmeline, infatuated as she was, and, perhaps, less sensible of the culpability of her conduct in a religious point of view, felt nevertheless that she had basely wronged one of the best of men. To brave her crime was a task beyond her ability; to meet his reproving eye was equally impossible; and it remained only for her to fly with him for whom she must now abandon all to some remote solitude, where her disgrace might be for a time concealed, and where the promised tenderness of De Clifford might restore her to some degree of self-estimation. Sir Arthur vainly endeavoured to combat this resolution; he considered it mean and cowardly to evade the just indignation of Devereux, and would willingly have taken the whole of the blame upon himself had not the tears, the heart-broken entreaties of Emmeline, diverted him from his purpose, and compelled him to yield an unwilling consent. Mrs. Devereux, in her eagerness to avoid a disclosure so degrading, had also forgotten the claims of her helpless babe, and the first time it met her eye all the mother filled her heart. "I cannot leave my child, De Clifford! I cannot be such an unnatural wretch; it must go with us." "Impossible," returned Sir Arthur, with evident chagrin, "such an arrangement would involve us both in the

greatest inconvenience and perplexity; besides it will be only a temporary separation; Devereux will scarcely wish to be encumbered with such a helpless charge, and, when the first burst of indignation has subsided, he will be glad to place it under your care."

Though De Clifford made this assertion, it was more with a view to pacify Emmeline than with a conviction of its probability; but could he dare to tell her, that she had forfeited all right to the protection of her child, when she had incurred the penalty for him? Impossible! Ever ready to believe what she wished, the infatuated Emmeline yielded to his persuasions, and accompanied him to Brussels, where the tender assiduities of Sir Arthur, and the various scenes of pleasure in which he purposely engaged her, soon banished from her volatile mind all anxiety concerning Devereux, or the opinion of the world.

The injured husband sought and obtained legal redress; his feelings, though poignant, were ever under the controul of his better judgment, and in compassion for her whom he had once loved and cherished, he refrained from calling De Clifford to a personal account. "She has preferred him," said he, "may her choice be justified by his future conduct; if she can be happy under such a degradation, let her; a heart so light, so unprincipled, is not worth contending for." But while Devereux thus outwardly affected stoicism, his breast was secretly torn with conflicting emotions; his domestic peace was wrecked, his brightest hopes were destroyed, and his proud heart throbbed with convulsive agony, when he pressed his deserted infant to his bosom, as the last sad relic of her who should have embellished his home, and repaid his tenderness with gratitude and love; such was the flattering prospect which but a few short months before had met his eye: now, alas! how changed! Conscious rectitude was his only support in this distressing trial, and he resolved, if he could no longer taste happiness himself, to place no obstacle in the way of her, who, though fallen as she was, still clung to his heart, and claimed a tear of commiseration; for Devereux had too much experience of life not to know that the triumph of guilt is but of short duration; and that his own sex are seldom long inclined to love her whom they have ceased to respect.

Intelligence having reached Sir Arthur of Devereux having obtained a divorce, he hesitated not to satisfy the scruples of Emmeline by making her immediately his wife; and they soon after returned to England, in the expectation that the countenance of Sir Arthur's family, would, in a short time, restore Emmeline to her proper station in society. They fixed on Sir Arthur's seat at ———, for their immediate residence, where the humble tenantry, far removed from the metropolis, and unacquainted with the transactions in high life, received the lovely bride with acclamations of joy and sincere demonstrations of respect. Consoled and gratified by these attentions, Lady De Clifford persuaded herself that she was perfectly happy; Sir Arthur devoted himself wholly to her society, and, as their tastes were in many respects congenial, time seldom hung heavily on their hands. The first check which their felicity received, was a chilling letter from the Dowager Lady De Clifford, in which she stated, that, sincerely as she prayed for her son's happiness, her solicitude for her daughter forbade her sanctioning, by her presence, a marriage which she could not approve. *Mrs. Devereux* had, indeed, claimed her admiration and regard, sentiments, which she regretted to say, she could not extend to the same person as Lady De Clifford. Though the fashionable world might countenance such a union, it was inconsistent with her antiquated notions, and they must excuse her, if she declined for herself and daughter all further intercourse.

Emmeline, with tears of indignant feeling, pronounced her a rigid, unfeeling woman; Sir Arthur paced the room with agitated steps, yet in his mind, he did not arraign the decision of his mother, for he knew it to be just, and in conformity with the strict principles in which she had been educated.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

LOVERS AND FRIENDS; or, *Modern Attachments*; a Novel. By *Anne of Swansea*. 5 vols. 12mo. £1 7s. 6d. Newman and Co. London.

THIS novel will be found generally attractive; it has, however, no superior claims either to originality of incident or beauty of language; but the events are sufficiently varied to keep the attention on the alert, and the style is tolerably correct, and, in some instances, lively. The episode of Lady Jacintha Fitzosborne's marriage is very well managed; and the little sketch of Jonathan Blackburne the miser, is extremely spirited, as is likewise the portrait of the young pedant; indeed, we were so much pleased with this last personage, that we regretted we did not see more of him; for there is something at once original and ludicrous in his character. The remainder of the *dramatis personæ* have nothing remarkable. The heroine has all the requisite accomplishments, and endures with the most heroine-like patience and resignation, a large share of those miseries which that little mischievous tyrant, Cupid, delights to shower upon his faithful votaries. Her trials, however, end at last in the good old way,—a marriage with the man of her heart. Poetical justice is also strictly preserved in the rewards and punishments distributed to the other characters; and the work may, upon the whole, be fairly pronounced unexceptionable in a moral point of view. Its greatest fault we think is its length, but we believe the generally of readers will not quarrel with the author on this score.

ST. KATHLEEN; or, *The Rock of Dunismoyle*; a Novel. By *the Author of Redmond the Rebel*. 4 vols. 12mo. £1 2s. Newman and Co. London.

IF we were obliged to furnish a list of the miseries of reviewers, we should certainly give a very conspicuous place to the misery of being obliged to read bad novels, for there are very few things so irritating to our nerves; in fact, this

feeling has latterly become so strong in our minds, that the very sight of a half-bound volume (the author's name unknown) lying on our table for inspection is of itself sufficient to conjure up a host of blue devils, who cast their spells around us with a magic potency that only the counter-charm of real genius can break. We felt strong symptoms of this malady when we first opened *St. Kathleen*, which we expected, from the title, would prove a romantic love-tale, and we experienced, to speak in the Irish fashion, a very agreeable sort of a disappointment in reading a story that developed in its progress striking and probable incidents, and effective and spirited characters. The work is in fact uncommonly interesting. We are particularly pleased with the heroine; she is gentle without being insipid, and as her trials multiply, she rises upon us by the magnanimity with which she meets them; the perfect sacrifice that she makes of all selfish considerations to save the wretch whom she supposes to be her father, excites our warm commendation. The character of this supposed parent, *Kenneth Mac Dui*, is drawn with great spirit; divested as he is of all those qualities which bind man to man, there is still a fiend-like grandeur about him which we cannot but admire; and, perhaps, the single virtue that he possesses, fidelity to his friend, or rather, we should say, to his associate, shines the brighter from its contrast to the horrible depravity of his general character. The weak and erring *Katharine* claims our pity, though it is not wholly unmixed with contempt. The interest which *Kingsmorn* excites in the outset of the work is much weakened by his behaviour when he reappears upon the stage; we were not prepared to meet the rebel chief of gallant bearing, who, even in the midst of carnage, shewed himself alive to honour and remorse, sunk into the cold selfish man of the world. In one instance, the author loses sight of nature and probability; we allude to *Coningsby's* abandonment of his daughter; an offended father might, in the first moments of his wrath, turn his child from his door; but to deliberate upon the subject, and then discard her merely because the husband for whom she had forfeited her duty, had imposed upon her credulity, is wholly inconsistent with the strong paternal love which *Coningsby* is described to have felt for *Katharine*. *Femscote* is a striking, but not

a pleasing, sketch; his causeless misanthropy disgusts us, and his singular death affects us with more horror than sympathy. The style is in general good; but we noticed a few trifling grammatical errors, which are the more to be regretted, as a little attention would have corrected them. We must, however, declare that the work is, upon the whole, extremely interesting, and infinitely superior to the common run of novels.

A TREATISE ON THE ART OF BREWING, exhibiting the London Practice of brewing Porter, Ale, &c. &c. With copper-plates. By FREDERICK ACCUM. 12mo. 9s. Longman and Co. London.

THE name of Mr. Accum is already well known to our readers, few of whom, we believe, have escaped a hearty fright in perusing his Treatise on Adulterations of Food, and Culinary Poisons. To say the truth, he might, had he been so inclined, have terrified us into becoming the most abstemious people in the world, so clearly did he demonstrate the risk we ran in being poisoned by every article of food and drink which there was a possibility of adulterating. But being too compassionate to deprive us all at once of our accustomed luxuries, and even necessities, he set "our bane and antidote before us," by furnishing us in the same work, a list of adulterations, and the methods of detecting them; thus acquiring a double claim to our gratitude. His Treatise on the Art of Brewing has added to these claims; he gives us a summary account of the art of Brewing, describes the various kinds of malt employed in it; the chemical changes which take place during the conversion of barley into malt, and the best methods of obtaining the desired products. At the same time, he explains, in a simple and satisfactory manner, how entirely the general operations of the art are founded upon the principles of chemistry. Thus far the work is curious and instructive to those who understand any thing of that pleasing science; but we have a stronger motive for recommending it to the attention of our readers, and that is the benefit they may derive from the instructions which Mr. Accum has subjoined for brewing small quantities of malt. These instructions are accompanied with a plate which exhibits a portable brewing machine.

Private families may thus supply themselves with genuine and wholesome beer at much less rate than they can purchase it. There is a curious historical sketch of the art of brewing beer prefixed to the work, from which we have extracted the following account of the origin of porter.

* * * * *

“Prior to the year 1722, the malt liquors in general use were—ale, beer, and twopenny; and it was customary for the drinkers of malt liquor to call for a pint or a tankard of half-and-half, *i. e.* half of ale and half of beer; half of ale and half of twopenny; or half of beer and half of twopenny. In course of time, it also became the practice to call for a pint or tankard of three threads, meaning a third of ale, beer, and twopenny, and thus the publican had the trouble to go to three casks, and turn three cocks, for a pint of liquor. To avoid this trouble and waste, a brewer of the name of Harwood, conceiving the idea of making a liquor which should partake of the united flavours of ale, beer, and twopenny. He did so, and succeeded, calling it entire, or entire butt beer, meaning that it was drawn entirely from one cask or butt, and being a hearty nourishing liquor, it was very suitable for porters and other working people. Hence it obtained its name of porter.”

The following passage shews us, that our forefathers even in the remotest ages were no strangers to ale and beer,

* * * * *

“Tacitus informs us, that beer was known in very remote ages among the Northern nations, and that this liquor was the favourite drink of the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, as it had been of their ancestors, the Germans. Before their conversion to Christianity, they believed, that drinking large and frequent draughts of fermented malt liquors was one of the chief felicities which those heroes enjoyed who were admitted into the halls of Odin.

“After the introduction of agriculture into this country, malt liquors were substituted for mead, and became the most general drink of all the ancient Britons; both ale and beer are mentioned in the laws of Ina, King of Wessex.

Among the different kinds of drink provided for a royal banquet in the reign of Edward the Confessor, ale is parti-

cularly specified. In Scotland and Wales they had at that time two kinds of ale, called common-ale, and aromatic-ale, both of which were considered as articles of great luxury among the Welsh. Wine, it appears, was then unknown even to the King of Wales.

“Buchan, in his history of Scotland, mentions the use of malt liquor at a very early period, and calls it *Vinum ex frugibus corruptis*.”

A TREATISE ON THE ART OF MAKING WINE FROM NATIVE FRUITS. By FREDERICK ACCUM. 12mo. 3s. Longman and Co. London.

THE great expense of foreign wine, not to mention the chance of its being adulterated, renders the acquaintance of the art of making wholesome wine from fruits of native growth an object of consideration and importance to family comfort; this work, therefore, will be a valuable addition to the libraries of such of our fair readers as still pride themselves on their knowledge of domestic management, while those who may wish to acquire this information, will find it contains very clear and concise instructions for manufacturing all the different sorts of home-made wines. Mr. Accum has enumerated the various kinds of native fruits most capable of being converted into wines, has rectified some prevalent errors in the manufacture of them, and given directions how to prepare them without brandy; the addition of which, in fact, tends to render wine sour, instead of preserving it, and consequently unwholesome, as well as much more expensive than when made according to his directions. We subjoin a short extract from an interesting, though slight historical sketch of the art of making wine, with which the work commences.

* * * * *

“The Asiatics first learned the art of cultivating the vine from the Egyptians; the Grecians from the Asiatics, and the Romans from the Greeks. The earliest authors not only attest that they were acquainted with the art of making wine, but they had some very correct ideas in regard to the different qualities and the various ways of preparing it. The heathen deities, we are told, delighted in nectar and ambrosia.

"The earliest historians who have furnished us with any positive facts respecting the making of wine, leave us no reason to doubt that the Greeks had made considerable progress in the art of preparing and preserving them. They distinguished wines into two kinds, according as they were produced from the juice which flowed from the grapes spontaneously before they were trod upon; or from the juice expressed by treading them.

"Homer distinguished wine by the name of a divine beverage. In his time, various sorts of wines were well known, and, by the praises which he bestows on them, he seems, as Horace observes, to have often experienced their exhilarating effects; his heroes were animated by it in their councils and in the field. Nestor was not more remarkable for his length of years than for his large draughts of wine.

"Plato, who strictly restrains the use of wine, and severely censures an excess, says, that nothing more valuable or excellent than wine was ever granted by God to mankind. Plato, Æschylus, and Solomon, ascribe to it the property of strengthening the understanding. But no writer has better described the real properties of wine than the celebrated Galen, who assigns to each sort its peculiar uses, and describes the difference they acquire by age, culture, and climate."

MRS. WILLIAMS, author of *The Summary Method of Reading, &c. &c.* will publish at Christmas, *CONVERSATIONS ON ENGLISH GRAMMAR*, in a series of familiar dialogues between a mother and her daughter.

Dr. Mavor has corrected through the press the tenth edition of his *ETON LATIN GRAMMAR*, with *Explanatory Notes*.

Mr. Robertson, of Surry-House Academy, Kennington, will, in a few days, republish his *Geographical Exercise Book*.

OBSERVATIONS, shewing the National and Domestic Evils resulting from too low Wages; with Hints respecting the means likely to render the working classes better satisfied, more loyal, contented, and happy; to which is annexed, a Copy of the Act of Parliament passed upon the subject of Wages, July 24th, 1820, and the Speeches of the Members of the House of Commons thereon.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR NOVEMBER, 1820.

WE closed our last account with Mr. Brougham's declaration that he could not proceed farther in Her Majesty's defence, from the impossibility of procuring the necessary witnesses. Mr. Denman then summed up the evidence for the defence in the most clear, eloquent, and convincing manner. He was followed in a style of equal ability by Dr. Lushington; and we will venture to say, that no unprejudiced person could listen without conviction to the sound comments and just reasoning of both these learned gentlemen. The Attorney-General and Solicitor-General were then heard in reply. To do these gentlemen justice, they certainly had hard work to sustain any thing like a case; however they dashed with great intrepidity through thick and thin, and exerted considerable ingenuity in distorting the facts brought forward by Her Majesty's witnesses, in order to bolster up the false and infamous charges which those witnesses had so satisfactorily refuted.

A debate then took place whether the Bill should be read a second time; many of the lords opposed it partly in the conviction that the Queen was the victim of conspiracy, and partly on account of the measure itself being equally odious, impolitic, and unconstitutional. Our limits will not allow us to particularize the many distinguished noblemen who exerted themselves in Her Majesty's behalf; but we cannot avoid mentioning that the venerable and patriotic Lord Erskine spoke until he fainted. In spite, however, of the strong opposition within the house, and the decidedly-expressed opinion of the nation, Ministers carried their point by a majority of 28. It was very generally understood that, after the second reading, the Bill would be in some sort modified; it had been said by Lord Liverpool, that the King did not wish to avail himself of the Divorce clause, and it was believed that would be expunged; it soon appeared, however, that Ministers were determined to retain it. Several of the lords, among whom were four of the Bishops, were against this clause, and on the third reading, Ministers had only a majority of 9.

Her Majesty had entered a protest against the second reading of the Bill, and at the moment that the third reading was carried, Lord Dacre rose to present a petition from Her Majesty, praying to be heard by counsel against the passing of the Bill. Lord Liverpool instantly said, that it was his intention, in consequence of the state of public feeling, as well as of the opinions of their Lordships being so nearly balanced, which was evinced by the smallness of the majority, to withdraw the Bill. He therefore moved that the question, that this Bill do pass, be read on this day six months. This motion was carried immediately *nemine contradicenti*, and almost by acclamation, and the House directly adjourned till the 23d of November.

We should vainly try to do justice to the joy with which this news was received by the public. Her Majesty, who had been waiting the result of the proceedings at the House of Lords, returned immediately on their termination to Hammersmith. Her carriage was preceded by a number of gentlemen on horseback, announcing to the inhabitants of Knightsbridge, Kensington, and Hammersmith, that "THE BILL WAS WITHDRAWN." It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which the news was heard. A multitude of respectable persons greeted Her Majesty with acclamations of joy, which evidently proceeded from their hearts; cries of "Long live the Queen!—God bless your Majesty!—God preserve your Majesty from your enemies!" every where rent the air. Wherever we turned, all was joy and triumph. People were seen, congratulating each other upon the fate of the Bill, as if it had been an object of individual interest, and so in truth it was; for every Englishman felt, that in the blow aimed at the injured sufferer, the liberties of the country were attacked.

It was on Friday, the 10th of November, a day which will be ever memorable in our annals, that the Bill was withdrawn, and on that night, the next, and the following Monday, the most general and brilliant illuminations took place, not only in the metropolis, but every where else in its vicinity. Several beautiful transparencies, descriptive of Her Majesty's triumph over her enemies were exhibited in different parts of the town, particularly in the City, which, always active in Her Majesty's cause, was illuminated with

peculiar brilliancy. The Mansion-House presented a magnificent spectacle; the houses of several tradesmen and of private persons also were decorated with appropriate emblems; but the most interesting and novel part of this beautiful sight was the illumination of the ships in the Pool, visible from London-bridge. Every vessel, as far as the eye could reach, was lighted not only at the mast-head, but at the bows, and in various other parts. Parties of Horse-guards paraded the streets in different parts of the metropolis, but the Lord Mayor used his privilege to prevent their entrance into the City, by closing the gates against them. Their presence was, indeed, unnecessary, for the demeanour of the people was uniformly peaceable and orderly in the highest degree. A few, but a very few, persons were taken into the custody of peace-officers in different parts of the town; but we never recollect any instance of public rejoicing in which so little tendency to riot was manifested. The mob, however, exercised their usual privilege of breaking the windows of those who did not chuse to illuminate; the ministerial newspaper offices, and the houses of some of the lords who voted for the Bill, suffered severely. Bonfires were kindled in different parts of the town, and the effigies of the Italian witnesses were burnt with much ceremony. We must not forget to observe, that, in the morning of each day, the bells rang a merry peal, and we find by accounts which have since been received from the country, that the inhabitants of every part of the kingdom testified their joy in a similar manner as the tidings reached them.

We must now go back a little, in order to mention that as soon as Her Majesty's defence was closed, Prince Leopold paid his dutiful respects to her to offer his congratulations on the refutation which she had given to the foul charges brought against her; the interview between Her Majesty and the Prince was exceedingly affecting. The Duke of Sussex also visited her for the same purpose, with considerable numbers of the nobility and gentry, and their ladies also waited upon Her Majesty to evince their loyal satisfaction at her having so completely frustrated the foul conspiracy against her honour. The Queen received the congratulations of these noble persons with her accustomed grace and dignity.

Soon after the proceedings were closed, Her Majesty ap-

plied to Lord Liverpool for a Royal residence, and a suitable provision. Lord Liverpool has, at the command of His Majesty, refused to assign any of the palaces for Her Majesty's accommodation. He farther states, that until Parliament meets for the dispatch of business, Her Majesty will receive the allowance which has hitherto been granted to her, and that it will then be for Parliament to determine the amount of her private provision. Her Majesty on receiving this reply, immediately repeated her demand in still stronger terms.

A number of Addresses from different towns were presented to the Queen on the 13th of November. In her gracious answers to these Addresses, Her Majesty has expressed her intention to throw the veil of oblivion over all that has passed.

A very numerous and respectable meeting of the inhabitants of St. Giles in the Fields, and of St. George, Bloomsbury, was held in Freemasons' Hall, on the 17th November, for the purpose of voting an Address to Her Majesty on the abandonment of the proceedings against her, and also to petition His Majesty to dismiss his Ministers. Lord John Russel was in the chair. The resolutions proposing the congratulatory Address to Her Majesty, were received with repeated cheers, and carried unanimously; as was also an Address to His Majesty, praying most earnestly and respectfully for a change of men and measures, and beseeching His Majesty to be graciously pleased to banish his present evil counsellors from his presence and councils for ever. A meeting of the Ward of Cripplegate Within, also took place on the same day, for the purpose of addressing the Queen on the fate of the Bill, and to petition the Commons to impeach Ministers; and on the 16th, the householder inhabitants of the parish of Shoreditch met, to vote an Address of congratulation to Her Majesty, and an Address to His Majesty for the dismissal of Ministers. Similar Addresses, it is said, will be speedily presented from every part of the kingdom.

Her Majesty attended Divine Service at Hammersmith Church, on Sunday the 19th, for the purpose of receiving the Sacrament. The church, and every avenue leading to it, were crowded to the greatest excess. Her Majesty was received by the assembled multitude with the most enthusi-

astic testimonies of attachment and devotion; she was evidently much affected by this cordial expression of public feeling. Her deportment during the whole of Divine Service, and particularly in receiving the Sacrament, proved how deeply her heart was impressed with gratitude to HIM whose ALL-POWERFUL ARM has been outstretched for her deliverance.

Mr. Alderman Wood received on the 20th, two letters; one from a gentleman with fifty guineas towards a subscription for building a palace for the Queen; the other from a lady, with one hundred guineas, for the same purpose.

23d November. Both Houses of Parliament met, and were prorogued till the 23d of January next. As Her Majesty had been apprized that a prorogation would take place, she had given regular notice of her intention to send down a message to the House of Commons, but as soon as Mr. Denman rose to read it, the Deputy Usher of the Black Rod entered to summon the Commons to the House of Lords. Several members manifested the strongest indignation at this interruption, and a scene took place which has no parallel in our history: the Speaker proceeded down the body of the House, closely followed by Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Vansittart, and a few of the ministerial members, amid loud cries of "Shame! shame!" The Speaker did not return to announce that a prorogation had taken place, nor was there any speech from His Majesty. Six months ago, the endeavours of Parliament to alleviate the national distress were interrupted by the infamous Bill, which the powerful voice of the people has consigned to the fate it merited; at its dismissal, the nation anxiously looked forward to a renewal of the public business; but no; for the sake of thwarting, perhaps, in the end, injuring the interests of the Queen, Ministers determine that those of the nation must be sacrificed. England, sinking under the evils which a long course of mal-administration has brought upon her, claims in vain the attention of her legislators; they are prevented from meeting to discharge their duty, because Ministers know that one part of that duty is to make a provision for their Queen! But this last effort of expiring malice will be vain; the restoration of Her Majesty's rights may be delayed, but it cannot eventually be refused. She is for the present out of the reach

of her enemies; but if the people would place her and themselves in permanent safety, they must not relax in their efforts, by every constitutional means, to induce His Majesty to dismiss those counsellors who have injured alike the honour of the throne and the interests of the country.

The substance of the Queen's Message to the Commons is, that she has refused the offers made by Ministers of money for her support, and of providing her a residence till the next session of Parliament; as she feels that she can no longer with propriety receive from Ministers what, she is well assured, the House of Commons would grant as her right. She throws herself with confidence on the representatives of the people to protect her against unnecessary delay, and to provide that her unexampled persecutions be brought to a close.



THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

November 1st. Mr. Cooper, from the Liverpool theatre, made his first appearance in Romeo; his age, figure, and countenance, are all particularly suited to the character. His voice possesses much power, but it is deficient in sweetness; the skill with which he modulates it, atones, however, in a great degree, for this defect. His conception of the character was perfect throughout, and his execution every way admirable. Mrs. W. West was a very lovely and interesting representative of the romantic and tender Juliet; but by trying occasionally to do too much, she diminished the effect she would otherwise have produced. Juliet is a deeply sensitive, but a fond and gentle, girl; and even her strongest emotions should be expressed in a tone of acute, but not violent feeling. Elliston's Mercutio was inimitable. The other characters were respectably sustained.

November 21st.—A farce, called *A Wild Goose Chase*, was produced at this house. The plot is too absurd and improbable even for farce; the characters are mere caricatures; and the dialogue has not the least pretensions to humour or pleasantry. Swiftsure, a naval officer, is desirous of running away with a young heiress and marrying her at Gretna-Green; the young lady has no objection, but as money is wanting for the expedition, the gallant contrives, by expedients which are too absurd to be laughed at, to make his mistress's guardian furnish the requisite sum, and even bring the young lady herself to the Scottish border, where the nuptials take place. There is also an under plot, of which we shall only say, it is equally stupid and impossible as the main one. We were sorry to see the spirited exertions of the performers completely thrown away upon this wretched melange, which we understand is from the pen of Mr. T. Hook.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

NOVEMBER 14th.—A new historical tragedy called *Wallace*, or, *The Regent of Scotland*, was brought out at this house. The plot is partly borrowed from history, and partly the invention of the author. The piece opens a little before the battle of Forfar; Wallace, who is represented as the Regent of Scotland, is surrounded by secret foes, his bravery and success having excited the envy of those Nobles who had joined with him to rescue Scotland from the tyranny of Edward; their discontents are secretly nourished by Comyn, who himself aspires to fill the office of Regent, and a plan is formed among them to betray Wallace. Helen, who is secretly married to Wallace, is beloved by two powerful Nobles, Douglas and Monteith; she had been promised to the former, who is at first furious at her desertion of him, but moved by the pathos with which she represents the force of her love for Wallace, he vows a brotherly amity to both; the revengeful Monteith, however, determines on the destruction of Wallace, and for that purpose draws off his troops in the engagement at Forfar, by which means the Scottish army is overthrown. Monteith carries off Helen, who is rescued and restored to her husband by Douglas. Monteith at length succeeds in betraying Wallace into the hands of

Edward; who condemns him to death; but just as he is led to the place of execution, Helen arrives, bringing with her a conditional pardon which she has obtained from the tyrant. Wallace at first refuses to receive or even to hear it read; but moved by the situation of his wife, he at last agrees to accept the pardon, if on reading it she thinks he can do so with honor. Helen finds that he cannot, and heroically yields him to his fate, which is completed in her view. There is little incident in this tragedy, but the plot is well constructed and skilfully developed. There is much poetic beauty in the language, which breathes every where the most energetic love of freedom, and the most noble and generous sentiments. Macready's Wallace was a masterpiece; he blended with exquisite skill the varied emotions which agitate the bosom of the Scottish chief; he invested the character with all the glowing ardour in his country's cause, that generous enthusiasm for liberty, and that perfect openness of disposition, which history gives to Wallace. C. Kemble was extremely powerful and effective in Douglas. Mrs. Bunn's Helen is the happiest effort we ever witnessed of that lady; she was admirable throughout; but in the last scene, where her high sense of honor overcomes even her conjugal love, and compels her to consign her husband to the block, she rose upon us with a dazzling display of talent which we had not given her credit for. The piece was most favourably received.

November 20th.—A musical piece called *The Irquois, or, The Canadian Basket-maker*, was played for the first time. The plot is outrageously improbable, and the dialogue a sickening compound of sentiment and frivolity. We predict that its existence will be but short, though the manager has done all he could for it by giving it the advantages of beautiful scenery, and music which, though not critically excellent, is still in very good taste. Miss Love sang with much sweetness and affect. Duruset and Master Longhurst also acquitted themselves very creditably in the vocal department. Jones played a French Count, which he would have rendered amusing, if any body could, but even his natural vivacity sunk under the leaden weight of this stupid character. The latter part of the piece was received with marked disapprobation.

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Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for Decr. 1820.
Invented by Miss Pierpont, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

Pub. by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street, Decr. 1820.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR DECEMBER, 1820.

WALKING DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of light grey poplin: the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two broad flounces of the same material; the second flounce is placed at some distance from the first, and the edges of each are finished by two very narrow satin tucks; a narrow band of byas satin forms a heading to the bottom flounces, and the one that surmounts it is headed by three similar bands. Plain high body, with a small standing collar. Long sleeve, made rather tight to the arm; turban cuff and half-sleeve of satin, to correspond. The pelisse worn with this dress is composed of dark fawn-coloured cloth, lined with white sarsnet and trimmed round the bottom and up the fronts with a broad border of Provence rose-coloured satin, ornamented with shells of the same material, which are placed at regular distances, the space between each being filled by a full-raised plaiting of satin to correspond. The edges of the trimming are finished by narrow satin bands. Plain high body, rather long in the waist. High collar, standing out from the throat. Long sleeve, moderately wide, falling very much over the hand, and terminated by a full puffing of Provence rose-coloured satin. Very full epaulette, forming an open-work in scollops, the points of which fasten in the middle of the epaulette by satin rosettes. Head-dress, a black Leghorn bonnet lined with white satin; the crown of which is low, the brim extremely deep, rounded at the ears, and nearly meeting under the chin; the front of the crown is ornamented with a wreath of satin to correspond with the trimming of the pelisse, and is disposed in full plaits; a bow to correspond is placed in the centre of the crown, just beneath this wreath, and a band encircles the bottom; the edge of the brim is finished by a

full puffing of the same material, and the strings are tied in a bow a little to the left side. Black leather boots; Limeric gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

A VENETIAN gauze frock over a white satin slip: the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a very broad trimming composed of pink satin shells; there are three rows, disposed irregularly, and intersected with narrow pink satin *rouleaux*: the effect of this trimming is strikingly tasteful and novel. The *corsage* is plain in front, full behind, and long in the waist; it is cut low round the bust, which is ornamented with a Valenciennes lace tucker *à l'enfant*. Short sleeve, made very full, the fulness is formed into compartments by *rouleaux* of pink satin: the bottom of the sleeve is finished by a broad band of pink satin, which confines it to the arm, and a fall of narrow lace placed under the edge of the band. A white satin sash tied behind in short bows and long ends finishes the dress. The hair is dressed in light curls and much parted on the forehead; a little of the hind hair is cropped and curled in the neck, the remainder is combed up tight to the crown of the head, plaited in broad bands and disposed in the form of a coronet, which is decorated with a garland of mingled white and red roses. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. White satin shoes and white kid gloves. We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, maker of the *Corset à la Grecque*, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, for both these dresses.

Out-door dress has now assumed that appropriate appearance by which it has been distinguished for several winters past. Pelisses are universally worn; they are composed either of cloth, velvet, or sometimes of rich silk lined and wadded; but this last kind of pelisse, although occasionally sported by our fair pedestrians, is more generally adopted in carriage-dress.

There is as yet little novelty in the make of pelisses, but that little is favourable to the display of the shape; we do not allude to the trifling increase in the length of the waist, but to the manner in which the bodies of pelisses are cut; the back, which is the natural breadth between the shoulders, is now sloped down at each side, and much narrower at the

bottom of the waist. The sleeves are moderately wide, and set-in in such a manner as just to touch the point of the shoulder, which gives a breadth to the chest as well as an appearance of ease and grace to the figure. There is more variety in trimmings than we usually see at this season of the year: furs are very generally worn, and trimmings composed of them are broader this season than we ever before observed them. Velvet is likewise in much estimation, particularly for cloth pelisses; sometimes it is disposed in a broad byas band, which goes all round the pelisse; the cuffs correspond, and the epaulette is also of velvet, but made full. In other instances the trimming is scalloped or pointed; and we have also noticed a good many pelisses trimmed with fancy velvet, which has a very elegant appearance. Satin mixed with velvet is also much used, particularly for velvet pelisses; full bands of the former, decorated with leaves or shells of the latter, are very general, and these bands are sometimes formed into puffs by velvet points.

High dresses of tabinet, poplin, bombazine, and very rich dark ruby chintz, are also worn for the promenade, though not so much as pelisses. The chintz dresses are always trimmed with flounces flowered in a running pattern at the edge; the other dresses are trimmed either with satin, velvet, or an intermixture of either with the same material as the dress. Shawls are always worn with high dresses, and are of rich silk, or in some instances of very fine cloth to correspond in colour with the dress.

The materials for promenade bonnets are velvet, black Leghorn, and a mixture of silk with velvet or silk *pluche*. Bonnets continue to be worn very large; the brims, generally speaking, stand out a good deal from the face; they are rounded at the ears, and come very low at the sides of the face; the edges of the brims are trimmed with satin, or else with gauze to correspond with the bonnet in colour, mixed with satin or velvet. The crowns are still made low. Winter flowers, feathers, and satin, seem equally in favour for decorating bonnets. Fashionable colours are mazarine blue, dark ruby, scarlet, dark slate colour, that brilliant hue the Provence-rose colour, and grey.

CABINET DES MODES DE PARIS.

LET us now see what alterations have taken place in the morning garb of the French *bâles* since we made our last report of their breakfast costume. At the first glance we should pronounce that the dress was the same, but a close examination will convince us to the contrary: it is true, the gown is still made with a high body and a long waist, but the back is narrower, and the sleeve tighter; the skirt is not so long, and instead of flounces it is finished at the bottom with tucks, between which, rows of work are let in. The fair declaimers against the French modes will say immediately that this is an old fashion revived, and so in truth it is; but we must beg of them to recollect that the French are in this respect not a bit worse than ourselves, for are we not perpetually bringing up old fashions with new names? The body has not any mixture of work, but is simply ornamented with a few tucks at each side of the bosom, which form a stomacher. The collar is made to stand out a good deal from the throat; but it is scarcely seen, because a very large ruff, composed either of plain or worked muslin, is always worn in morning-dress. There is a little management in the arrangement of the ruff, so as to suit it to the features of the wearer; if she happens to have a long thin face, the ruff is worn close round the throat, and by its fulness partly conceals the defect; if, on the contrary, her face is short and flat, the ruff is open at the throat, and is not brought so high.

The morning-cap is always of *percale*; the caul and head-piece are mostly made in one; and are, generally speaking, formed to the shape of the head; there are however, sometimes, small cauls set into broad head head-pieces of the *demi cornette* kind. The cauls are variously ornamented; some have a row of puffs across, which are placed very far back; and behind these puffs a fulness of work stands up at the back of the head; it is deep on the crown, but shallower at the sides; others have puffs nearer to the front, with a double fall of work at the very back of the head. A good many cauls are embroidered in the same manner as a child's cap;

and a few of the most *jauntée* have a fulness of perkale up the back of the caul, which is confined by knots of riband, from two to five in number, placed at regular distances. The greatest number of these *cornettes*, have no other ornament than strings of rich riband, which tie them under the chin; some times, however, a full bow, or a cockade, may be seen placed on the right or left side, and a knot of riband behind.

Fine Merino cloths, and various kinds of silk, are worn for the evening either in home-dress or friendly visits; these gowns are made either very low, or partially so, according to the fancy of the wearer. Waists are still extremely long, but the *corsage* is no longer pointed either before or behind. Stomachers are partially worn; they are always very broad at top, but much less sloped than usual at the sides. Sashes have entirely disappeared; in their stead we see either a cestus *à la Grecque*, that is to say, a broad band which meets behind, goes up between the breasts, and terminates in a point, which is sometimes finished with a rosette of satin or riband to correspond with the dress: and is either buttoned or laced behind; in other cases it is only a girdle fastened in front with a clasp composed of gold, coral, or gems. Sleeves are made very full, and are finished at bottom either with a trimming of blond lace, a quilling of *tulle*, or a narrow *rouleau* of the same material as the dress, and always reach nearly half-way to the elbow.

Trimmings consist either of bands of velvet or satin, three or four in number, or else of *rouleaux* of different breadths; there are three, four, or sometimes five of these *rouleaux*. If the dress be of silk, they may be either of the same material or else of satin; if it be cloth, they must be satin; but in either case they always correspond in colour with the gown. There are a great variety of colours in favour at present; pale rose-colour, blue, green, and lilac, are very fashionable; as are likewise the dark rich hues more appropriate to the present time of year, such as *ponceau*, claret-colour, very dark ruby, bright scarlet, dark blue, green, and purple.

In grand costume we seldom see any other colours than pale rose and white, except for velvet robes, which are usually black or dove colour. Satin, *gros de Naples*, and velvet,

are the fashionable materials for full dress; the two former are trimmed with *tulle bouillonné* in various ways, and always intermixed either with satin or *gros de Naples*. Velvet dresses are trimmed with satin, sometimes mixed with gold cord; some of these trimmings are scalloped, and the scallops, which are from a nail to half-a-quarter in breadth, are edged with the cord, and there are two or three rows put pretty close to each other. We see also many gowns trimmed with a fulness of satin, which is confined in different places by large leaves of that material, edged with gold cord.

Adieu to head-dresses of hair, except for unmarried ladies, for all matrons, however juvenile they may be, now appear either in dress hats or *toques*, which are composed either of velvet, *velours simulé*, or satin; the hats have brims of various sizes, which always turn up in front, and are adorned with feathers, those of the ostrich being most in favour, but the number worn is really preposterous; the crowns of hats are made low, and are in general puckered and ornamented either with gold cord, or steel beads; these last ornaments are in great request both for hats and *toques*.

Those *belles* whose petite persons and delicate features will not allow them to sport the imposing *chapeau* which I have just described, wear *toques* of a light and elegant form; they are low; the crown is full, and either puffed or folded, the fulness being confined by a broad band placed next the face, of the same material as the *toque*, but intermixed with pearls, gold cord, or steel beads: a light plume of down or ostrich feathers is placed very far back on the left side, and waves gracefully to the right: this is the most becoming style of head-dress that has appeared for some time.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



THE BUTTERFLY AND THE VIOLET.

AN ALLEGORIC FABLE.



BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.



'Twas on a summer's sunniest day,
Two butterflies swift wing'd their way
Thro' groves and fields, till they espied
A verdant mount, the country's pride;
There settling for awhile, one brother
Thus sagely catechis'd the other:—
"Behold, dear boy, this glorious scene,
Radiant with light, and gay with green!
Till now, a crysalis you slept,
While days in blank succession crept;
But fate the awful moment brings,
When you must try your tender wings,
Launch into air, and brave each change
Of sun and wind, where'er you range.
Me, duty's hand resistless, leads
To where hot Ganges laves the meads;
Far from your side, I soon must rove,
So take one proof of parting love.
Look round, dear youth, at every view
Thou seest fresh beauties, bright as new:
'Tis the world's garden that's before thee,
Where flowers unnumber'd will adore thee,
O! then beware their tempting charms;
Fly, fly from Love's perfidious arms!
He'll woo thee with persuasive breath,
So learn, *his false embrace is death!*

Either he joins two faithful hearts,
And strikes them with affliction's darts,
Bids them at harsh command divide,
Forbid by poverty or pride,
Or makes a tender soul the play
Of some cold flint, or wanton gay,
Bids all the injured breast be torn
By grief, by jealousy, by scorn.
From sad experience lately taught,
My heart, alas! this truth hath bought,
Forc'd by authority's stern voice,
To leave the object of my choice.
Think then of me, and fly the fair,
So shall thy time be free from care,
Gay as day's beam, and light as air!" }

"Fear not for me," the younger cries,
Disdain quick sparkling in his eyes;
" 'Tis true, these painted things below
Form to the sight a beauteous show;
Their rainbow hues and scents dispense
Pleasure excessive to the sense;
But don't I see them all agape,
After each fop of rank or shape,
Wooing, with boldly equal charms,
Airs, wasps, bees, sun-beams, to their arms!
Say, how can such weak creatures move
A butterfly, like me, to love?"

The brother shook his plummy head,
Gaz'd on the youth, then smiling said—
"Ah! blindly confident thou art!
Beware, beware a stricken heart."
He stopp'd; then sighing forth adieu,
Far from his charge reluctant flew.

Zephna, the younger, who remained,
At first no parting tears restrained,
But quickly dried them to admire
The sun's meridian orb of fire,
Gazing from heaven to earth he stood,
While joy and freedom thrill'd his blood;
And many a wandering flight he plann'd,
Through distant scenes of fairy-land.

Meantime his own resplendent dyes
Call'd to his form a thousand eyes;
Each flower and shrub began to gaze
Enamour'd on his eye's bright rays;
For Zephna, now in youth's first glow,
Surpass'd each butterfly below,
And might with justice have been taken
For one who, wanton, had forsaken
Eden's divinely-blooming bowers,
To sip earth's dim, inferior flowers;
As if, by di'mond dust, his head
With brilliant down was lightly spread,
His wings were radiant to behold,
Dropt with vermillion, blue, and gold;
Graceful his air, where'er he flew,
All other flies, abash'd, withdrew.
Lo! see him o'er the fields display
His pinions to the morning ray;
Now flying, loitering, settling, viewing
Each object worth the mind's pursuing.
O'er a parterre's long walk he went,
Attracted by its balmy scent;
There on each side, young flow'rets grew,
Their beauteous leaves yet wet with dew;
Lilies, carnations, pinks, and stocks,
Tulips, and hyacinths, in flocks.
Each plant blush'd deeper as he passed,
And while he paus'd, soft glances cast:
He smiled, admir'd, yet smiled again;
Scorning their arts and graces vain.
Oftimes he'd stop, and seem to hover
Delighted, some sweet beauty over,
Then when the fluttering flower begun
To think his idle race was run,
And look'd for him to sigh and swear,
He'd fly, and leave her to despair.
Thus Zephna floated on the breeze
O'er beds, and bowers, and streams, and trees,
Careless of love, while from his face
Love set the garden in a blaze,
And still from every grove he heard
Some fond complaint or prayer preferred.
The drudging beetle oft convey'd
Soft letters from each smitten maid;

And every gale that wander'd by,
Was charged with message or with sigh;
Yet think not Zephna blind or cold
To beauty's heaven-constructed mould;
No; but imperious, he disdained
Hearts that aught else but him contain'd;
Scorning to share that hackney'd love,
Which other flies had pow'r to move.
He saw the eglantine coquet
With every breeze her branches met;
The jonquil, while to him she beckon'd,
Welcomed two drones, her lovers reckon'd;
The lilac all her graces muster'd,
To catch weak May-flies as they cluster'd;
In short, each flirting fair he found
More fond to *give* a bosom wound,
Than skill'd to turn that wound to bliss,
By mingling *truth* with passion's kiss.
"Vain, worthless, pretty, trifling things!"
He cried, and shook his glittering wings,
"If the world has no other danger,
Zephna remains to harm a stranger."
Just as he spoke, his random glance
Fell on a violet by chance;
The timid flower abashed, delighted,
Blushed, and retreated; yet invited,
By one soft sigh, his eyes again;
He paused to mark her vesture plain:
What was it pleas'd him? not her bloom—
Perhaps her lowly bud's perfume?
No hues uncommon deck'd her crest,
No grace divine her stem possess;
Some gentle fragrance all her wealth,
She boasted then but youth and health.
Abra her name, she long had grown
Content 'mid quiet shades alone,
Smiling at flattering fops, and griev'd
To see them by her sex receiv'd.
At sight of Zephna, through her heart
Swift shot affection's purest dart;
His beauteous colours, eyes, and air,
Seem'd something heavenly to declare;
Quick through her veins soft tumults rushed;
Love on her cheek and bosom blush'd;

She trembled, though no breath of wind
 Stirr'd the tall grass that tow'r'd behind:
 The gen'rous Zephna trembled too,
 For his heart kindled at the view.

(To be concluded in our next.)

STANZAS.

Consumption, like the canker worm,
 Consumed her early prime,
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,
 She died before her time.

OLD BALLAD.

THE summer, which so lately charm'd us,
 Is gone, its bloom and beauty fled;
 And she whose faded looks alarm'd us,
 Alas! is number'd with the dead.

But summer flowers again shall bloom,
 And summer suns be brightly burning,
 But those who slumber in the tomb,
 Shall ne'er, too surely, know returning.

The sun may rise, the summer brighten,
 But those whose eyes are seal'd in death,
 No summer sun shall e'er enlighten,
 No breeze of summer's genial breath,

Rekindle life's extinguish'd flame,
 Nor charm the frozen limb to motion;
 Nor love, nor joy, nor sorrow, claim
 Again one more emotion!

Sweet one! thy sweets are early blighted—
 Thy pains, thy griefs, thy joys, are o'er—
 Thy star hath set, too soon benighted—
 Thy bark hath foundered on the shore.

But calm and soft is thy repose,
 Thy head hath touch'd a quiet pillow,
 Secure from ev'ry storm that blows
 On life's tempestuous billow.

Thule, 1820.

ORA.

A DIRGE.—By R. H.

O! WILLOW, willow! beneath thy green tree,
O willow, sweet willow, I weep,
Thy branches now shade my true love from me,
And softly the winds bid him sleep!

On thy bank, lonely willow. I'll stray,
O willow, willow, sad willow,
And mourn, my love's deep in cold clay,
And lay my poor head on his pillow!

"He's dead, and will never wake more!"
The breeze sadly sighs through the willow;
Be hush'd my torn heart—all is o'er,
I die—and his grave is my pillow!

MAN.

WHEN o'er the land the shiv'ring storm is cast,
And howling winter hurls the chilling blast,
The shrubs, the flow'rs, the blossoms, and the trees,
Stand bleak and naked to the cutting breeze,—
Man doops in silence, heaves the swelling sigh,
And wipes the tear that freezes o'er his eye;
Sad voice of truth—that speaks the solemn doom,
That sends him with'ring to the yawning tomb.
But spring again peeps o'er the dancing hills,
Soft Zephyrs breathe, and fan the loos'ning rills;
Winter recalls his winds, and, conquered, flies
To seek new haunts, and trouble other skies:
Reviving nature, in her loveliest hue,
Thrills every sense, and charms the gazer's view,
The lighten'd bosom feels the enlivening glow,
Thoughts change their dress, joy fills the seat of woe,
The storm's forgot—the heart, the ear, the eye,
All—all is life, and joy, and harmony!

WILLIAM.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DIMPLE.

ONE day, as Love's queen was on Ida reclining,
The soft God of Sleep spread his opiate dew
O'er her love-beaming eyes, and a garland entwining
Deck'd with it her hair, and then swift away flew.

Nor long ere she dream'd that Narcissus, her lover,
Impress'd on her cheek the soul-conquering kiss;
She dream'd that she saw his dark ringlets light hover
Around his fair face blushing beauty and bliss.

Soon Cupid espied her so calmly reposing.
"Why sleep'st thou, my mother, 'tis Cupid—oh! speak!
Bright Phœbus is set, and night's curtains are closing,
Awake!" and his finger imprinted her cheek.

"Befits it a Goddess so fair and enchanting,
On earth's lowly couch among mortals to rest?
The moon curbs her steeds, for thy star is yet wanting,
And Vesper awaits thee to shine in the west."

As soft as the peach-down, it sunk to his finger,
And kept, like that fruit, its impression awhile,
Unwilling to part, yet forbidden to linger,
It fled with her frown, and returned with her smile.

And hence, as 'tis said, a sweet dimple enhances
The cheeks of our virgins so gracefully fair,
Adds charms to their smiles, and fresh fire to their glances,
And shews the young God has been revelling there.

Middle Temple.

ALPHEUS.

LUBIN'S RETURN FROM THE FAIR.

A BALLAD, BY T. LACEY.

YOUNG Lubin, the shepherd, oft woos me, 'tis true,
When at eve he returns from the plain,
He vows that he loves me far better than Sue,
'Tis his absence that gave me much pain;
His manner's so mild, and so comely his face,
With a mind that's devoid of all care,
He trips o'er the mead with so artless a grace,
How I sigh his return from the fair.

He calls me his Fanny, his dear, and his love,
 And presses my hand to his heart;
 He vows that for ever he constant will prove,
 And from me he ne'er will depart.
 To conceal my fond passion I' strove, but in vain,
 Such virtues are surely most rare,
 I sigh for his love, nor my tears can refrain,
 Till Lubin returns from the fair.

A bonnet of straw and a riband of blue
 He bought me to dance at a wake,
 And told me no more he'd be seen with fair Sue,
 If I'd wear them alone for his sake.
 He confess'd, if I'd marry, and make him his bride,
 What pleasure and bliss he should share;
 I gave my consent—to my fate I'll abide,
 When Lubin returns from the fair.

INSCRIPTION ON A FOUNTAIN.

SEE, passer by! this water gushing,
 And with incessant murmur rushing,
 Quick are its glitt'ring beauties spent.
 Thus worldly glory—worldly pride,
 Transient as this fount, doth glide,
 And God alone is permanent!

G. C. M.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines to a Lady,—The Night of Terrors,—Communications of Adelaide S.—of Miss Leman Rede,—and of B—p,—Lines by H.—Crito,—The Laurel Wreath, by Mrs. S. Hughes,—The Cottage,—Augustine,—and Sketches from Life, are received.

We have many pieces under consideration, several of which shall appear as soon as possible.

Waldoniensis is perfectly inadmissible; we can receive nothing of equivocal morality.

We are obliged to a Correspondent for his hints.

Lines, by Prior, in our next.

INDEX.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS, ESSAYS, TALES, NOVELS, ROMANCES, &c.

A.	Page
Anecdote of His late Majesty	30
—— of Bishop Atterbury	80
—— Lord Russell.....	87
—— Henry VIII. ..	139
—— Colonel Hill	260
—— Marshall Keith..	188
—— Emperor Francis II.	311

B.	
Biographical Memoir of Her Majesty, Caroline, Queen-Consort of Great Britain	1
—— Mrs. Garrick ..	61
—— Her late Royal Highness, the Duchess of York	121
—— Madame Vestris	181
—— Mrs. Horn	241
—— Mrs. Davison ..	301
Beauty, The, of a young Turk, residing at Antioch, occasions cruel hostilities between France and England	26
Benedict, Confessions of a. A Tale	81, 140, 199, 312
Boarding House, The; or, Outlines of Character. By D. Delineate, Esq.	23

C.	Page
Cabinet des Modes de Paris	50, 110, 170, 232, 290, 343
Clemency, Beauty of	5
Consanguinitarium	150
Correspondents, Notes to	60, 120, 180, 240, 300, 352
Covent-Garden	45, 226, 285, 341
Curiosity, The, of the Duke of Orleans, who wanted to know one of the Persons masked at a Ball, occasions the Death of many Nobles, and causes Charles VI. King of France, to become frantic	257

D.	
Drury-lane.....	44, 104, 337

E.	
Edward the Confessor, King of England, on Account of his making a Vow of Chastity, is the occasion of England being conquered by the Normans	28
English Opera House	105, 165, 227

E.

Epitome of Public Affairs for June.....	38
— July	99
— August	219
— September	156
— October.....	277
— November.....	331

F.

Fashion, The Mirror of, for July.....	47
— August	107
— September.....	167
— October.....	229
— November.....	287
— December.....	359
Female Education, Essay on, by J. B. D.....	145
Female Servants, Sugges- tions for the Relief and Protection of, and the Prevention of Prostitu- tion	75
Filial Affection restored, by R. P—r	268

I.

Jealousy, The, which the Wife of a Merchant of Florence occasioned in the breast of an Illyrian Princess, causes the de- struction of the Repub- lic of Ragusa	204
--	-----

H.

Haymarket Theatre 104, 163, 227, 284	
History, The Spirit of, or, Historical Essays on great Events resulting from minute Causes 26, 88 204, 257	

K.

King, Duties of a	248
-------------------------	-----

L.

Letter the Editor, from Maria W—	264
---	-----

M.

Maria, a Tale	195, 261
Marriage, a Tale 18, 64, 124, 189, 243, 303	
Monkish Severity	69
Moscow, Conflagration of, 194	

O.

Oldstyle, Mrs. Deborah, Letter from	6, 249
Old Woman, To her Coun- trywomen	207
Origin of the Order of the Garter.....	258

P.

PRIZE ESSAY, by Miss Mary Leman Rede	183
Persian, A, of mean birth, forgetting when in Pros- perity his former Condi- tion, is the cause of Gen- gis Chan ravaging Per- sia and India	88

Q.

Queen's, The, Case consi- dered, by Beauchamp...	202
---	-----

R.

Remorse, a Tale.....	254, 322
Review of Winter Nights, or, Fireside Lucubra- tions, by N. Drake, M.D.	31
— Geraldine; or, Modes of Faith and Practice ...	32
— 'Trivial Poems and Triolets, by Patrick Ca- rey	35
— The Orientalist; or, Electioneering in Ireland	35
— The Astrologer ...	36
— A Circumstantial Narrative of the Cam- paign in Saxony in the Year 1813	91
— The River Dudden, a Series of Sonnets; Vau- dracour and Julia, with other Poems, by W. Wordsworth	95

- A Review of Tales of the Heart, by Mrs. Opie.... 95
 — The One Pound Note, and other Tales 98
 — Essays and Sketches of Life and Character .. 157
 — The Defence of Her Majesty the Queen, against the Charges brought against her in the Year 1806 153
 — A System of Education for the Infant King of Rome, &c. &c. 154
 The Crusaders 155
 — The Abbot, a Romance, by the Author of Waverley 213
 — The Angel of the World, an Arabian Tale, Sebastian, &c. by the Rev. Geo. Croly 215
 — Supreme Bon Ton, and Bon Ton by Profession, a Novel, by the Author of Parga 217
 — The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 217
 — Warbeck of Wolfstein 271

- Sir Francis Darrell or, The Vortex 273
 — Sheffield Park, a descriptive Poem 275
 — Lectures on the Temper and Spirit of the Christian Religion 275
 — Lovers and Friends; or, Modern Attachments 325
 — St. Kathleen; or, The Rock of Dunismoyle 325
 — A Treatise on the Art of Brewing..... 327
 — A Treatise on the Art of making Wine from native Fruits 329

S.

- Sovereign, Adventures of a, 140, 317
 Skeleton, The, of the Wreck 266
 Surrey Theatre 166, 228
 Snuff-box, The 309

V.

- Veil, The Purloined; or, The Swans 13, 70, 134

POETRY.

A.

- Apollonian Wreath 53, 113, 173, 235, 293, 345

B.

- Beauty, On, by Miss A. M. Porter 299
 Butterfly and the Violet, The, by the same 345

C.

- Captive, The, by J. M. Lacey 178
 Charade, by Gulielmus .. 60
 — Solution to 120

D.

- Death, by Ora 175
 —, On the, of an Officer, who died in the West Indies, by Genevieve 56
 Dirge, A, by R. H. 350
 Dimple, The Origin of, by Alpheus 351

E.

- England, on leaving, by Germanicus 178

Fancy, To, a Fragment,
by Ora 175
Fountain, an Inscription on
a, by G. C. M. 352

G.

Girl, The, that I love, by
Alpheus 58
Grief, The Man of, by J. M.
Lacey 57

I.

Iberia, an Ode 113

L.

Lines in Imitation of Mr.
Wordsworth, by P. Bull 59
——— of Lord
Byron, by the same.... 240
Lines, by W. J. S. 119
——, by Ronge Leon .. 298
—— to E. H. by C. P—r 298
Love's own Tear, by Miss
Mary Leman Rede 297
Lubin's Return from the
Fair, a Ballad, by T. La-
cey 351

M.

Mary, To, by E. P. R.... 118
Memory, To the, of Eaton
Stannard Barrett, Esq.
by Mrs. S. Hughes 53
——, of M. B. by Selim 60
Man, by William 350

N.

Nebuchadnezzar's Dream,
a Fragment, by Ora .. 117

P.

POETICAL ESSAY, by
Juvenis 235, 293

Q.

Queen, The, Lines pre-
sented to Her Majesty,
by Mrs. S. Hughes 173

S.

Song, A sacred, by Miss
Mary Leman Rede 176
Stanzas on Her Majesty,
by R. H..... 179
——, by Ora.... 175, 349
—— addressed to Miss
Kingdom, by W. S—s .. 300
Summer, To, by Elvira .. 117
Summer's Moonlight Roses,
by Miss Mary L. Rede.. 114

T.

Theocritus, The ninth Idyll,
versified from the French 55

V.

Verses, by J. C. 57
—— on witnessing the
Interment of R. R. of
the R. N. by Ora..... 115
Violet, The, by Prior 119

W.

Woman, to Gevevieve, by
Prior 59
Woman's Love 177
Non mi Ricordo, a Waltz,
by W. H. Plumstead .. 234

293

173

176

179

349

300

17

14

55

57

15

19

59

77

34